

I Have No Fear by amyraklaire

Category: IT

Genre: Horror, Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2018-08-26 17:31:32

Updated: 2018-08-26 17:31:32

Packaged: 2019-12-12 05:08:13

Rating: M

Chapters: 4

Words: 5,202

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Reader's family has just moved to Derry. A few years older than the losers club, she still finds herself drawn into their strange shenanigans and begins to make a new home. With new friends come new adventures...but what about love? Will the deathly clown win her heart...or will he consume it; along with all her friends and family?

1. Moving In

Gloomily, you watched as the trees flew by through the window. The sky darkening in advance of the storm about to open its floodgates upon the earth below. Fittingly it matched your mood; blue from leaving (H/T) and all your friends because of your mom's job. A hand touching your shoulder brought you out of your thoughts, "Sweet pea, are you listening? I was saying we are about to enter Derry. Are you hungry?" Your (E/C) eyes scanned the road ahead as the welcome sign came into view. You sighed leaning back into the seat, closing your eyes, "No...not really mom." She nodded, obviously upset by how you were acting but not mentioning it, "Alright, we will just go straight to the house." She turned the blinker on as the car came to a stop sign, "Hopefully the movers have already started taking the stuff inside. I would hate for any of it to get ruined by the rain."

The houses you passed seemed pleasant enough. Children played outside; animals scurried here and there. The car slowed down as she pulled into a driveway on the left. A boy a few years younger than you, stood watching the movers carry boxes in and out of the house; his gaze slowly turning towards you and your mom as you got out of the car. You looked right back at him, waving slightly. He smiled and waved back as he began to walk across the street into your yard. A young boy barreled out of the house the older one had been standing in front of, "Are they here!? IS THERE A KID?" You smiled a little as you gazed into the car through the back window, your brother still asleep. The older waited for the younger before advancing to the sidewalk. He stuttered as he stuck his hand out for you to shake, "Hi, I-I'm Bill. This i-is my b-brother Georgie."

Shaking his hand hesitantly you replied, "Hi Bill. My name is, (Y/N)." You bent down a little to be eye level with Georgie, "Hi! It's nice to meet you." He smiled in response, "Nice to meet you to Miss. (Y/N)." You chuckled despite your sadness. Pointing to the car, "I have a brother about your age. His name is Peter but he's asleep in the car right now." He nodded and looked up at Bill, "Can we come back over later, to see if he can play?" Bill nodded, "S-sure, Georgie." Bill looked over at you, "My f-friends are c-coming o-over later. Would y-you like

to m-meet them?" You gave him a small smile as you looked up the yard to your mom giving orders to the movers. Sighing you forced a bigger smile, "I'd love too. Might as well start trying to make this place home." He smiled back, waving bye as he and Georgie walked back over to their yard to play. You turned and opened the back-car door, "Pete, wake up." You shook his shoulder gently. Slowly he stirred and rubbed his eyes, "Are we there yet?" Nodding you undid his seatbelt, "We sure are buddy. Come on, let's go look inside." Suddenly you felt like you were being watched; the hairs on the back of your neck stood on end and goosebumps formed along your arms. Glancing around you didn't see anything or anyone out of the ordinary. You shrugged it off as you led Peter by the hand into the house.

The living room was nice and had a fireplace; you looked forward to using that. Peter tugged you towards the back of the house, a room under the staircase, "Look! I want this one, it's so cool! Can I, have it? please?" His face strained and turned red as he exaggerated the word. You laughed ruffling his hair, "Fine. I'll take the one upstairs."

Your mom came up behind you, "I figured you would. The movers have already taken your stuff up there." She motioned for the two of you to follow her into the kitchen. Peter helped open the boxes that she passed to you, "Are we done yet?" You shook your head sighing as you emptied the box of its last plate, "Nope, we still have to help mom in the living room." He sighed and tossed the box into the pile with the rest, "Why do we have to have so much stuff?" You laughed at his dramatic expression, "Everyone has this much stuff goofball." He shrugged as he looked at the few boxes piled just inside his room, "I don't have that much." You walked over quickly and tickled his sides. He shrieked and ran away. Turning to watch you from the entryway of the living room, "MOM! (Y/N), tickled me!" Your mom came from somewhere in the same room, slowly walking up behind him and tickling him as well, "Oh, no! What a terrible thing she did." She managed to give him a raspberry, causing his laughter to increase tenfold. The sound and sight made you smile. Then you sighed and started to unload another box as the rain began to pour.

2. Strangeness

A few hours had passed when a knock came from the front door. Peter ran over to it, leaning back as he pulled on the heavy cherry-wood. There in the doorway stood Bill and Georgie. Behind Bill were several other boys, all staring silently into the house as you approached. Smiling as Peter introduced himself to Georgie, you waved slightly "Hey Bill." He smiled and looked around behind you, "The rain's not so bad anymore, do you think the two of you could come over?" Shrugging you stopped walking and slid your foot along the wooden floor, "I'll have to ask my mom, but I don't think she'll say no. Give me a minute." He nodded as you turned around shouting as you walked back into the living room, "MOM!" She looked over her shoulder towards you as she stopped hanging up a photo, "Yes, (Y/N)?" She smiled at the invite Bill had extended, "Of course, just make sure Peter wears his raincoat. I don't want him getting sick again. You too!" Nodding you walked to the closet and grabbed out the things you two needed. Peter got excited as he saw you walking back with his blue raincoat, "Yay!" He clapped and put his arm in turning slightly to put the second one in. He slowly buttoned it up and then put his shoes on as you proceeded to put your coat on too.

Georgie and Peter ran over to their yard, playing with the toys that littered the area. As you followed with the group, Bill introduced you to his friends. They were all about the same age, 14. *(I raised their ages to make them closer to the readers age, which I have set at 17. I realize this messes up Stan's Bar Mitzvah so we will just pretend it happens at 14 instead of 12. I don't mean to offend anyone, I just need to change it around a bit for the sake of things.)* Stan had curly brown hair and seemed to be the studious of the four. He was also Jewish which was cool. Eddie was a germaphobe; you noticed he hesitated slightly before shaking your hand. Leaving Richie to be the last one to be introduced.

His first impression was to flirt with you, "Hey there hot stuff." You rolled your eyes as you responded, "I'm a little old for you, aren't I?" He chuckled back, adjusting his glasses, "I've always wanted an older lover." Bill shot him a look that made him stop talking and then the five of you hung out, talking about school and bullies. You would be

starting into the year late, as school had already been in session for a month and a half. It didn't bother you, but you were glad to know a few of the people that would be there. Even if they were three grades below you. Due to Eddie's worries, the group found hung out in the garage with the door open. He sat down in a chair and spun in a circle, "If I get sick, my mom will through a fit. I'll spend the whole weekend at the hospital." You laughed, "That's crazy, just take some cold medicine from the store and drink hot tea. That's what I do."

Bill shook his head, "Y-you haven't met h-his m-mom." Richie and Stan seemed to nod in agreement with the other two. You sat down on the pavement, "Alright then. We'll just make sure you don't get sick." He threw you an appreciative smile. The group started talking about Stan's upcoming Bar Mitzvah. It interested you but as he started to explain it, the feeling of being watched overcame you for the second time that day. The hairs on the back of your neck, again stood on end. As you looked out trying to see who was watching you so intently, the only thing that met your eyes was a red balloon, across the street. It just seemed to be floating there all on its own before drifting up into the sky, across the window to your bedroom. As you looked at the balloon, something in the window shifted. As you squinted your eyes to see better through the drizzle, you could make out a shape...someone was in your room, and they were waving at you? You shook your head and refocused, the figure gone. I must have imagined it, you thought to yourself as you turned back to your new friends.

Richie was talking in a hushed voice, "Did you guys here about what happened?" Bill nodded as Stan and Eddie looked down sadly at the ground. You rose an eyebrow, "What?" Richie looked over at you leaning back onto the garage wall, "A friend of Georgie's, Dorsey, was beaten to death by his dad about a month ago... the brother ran away apparently. It's been a few days since anyone has seen him." You looked at them all in shock, your eyes wide and mouth slightly open, "Oh my god...that's-that's awful. I feel so bad for Georgie..." You turned to watch the two younger kids play tag. Your heart saddened by the news.

You found yourself enjoying the company, but all to soon it was late and time to return home. You waved goodbye to the guys as you

grabbed Peter's hand and led him across the street. Dinner was ready when you walked through the door. Your mom having made a quick run to the store while you were out. Peter talked throughout dinner about how he and Georgie had a good time. He was now looking forward to school. You smiled inwardly at his enthusiasm, keeping the story to yourself about what recently happened in your new town. After cleaning up you made your way upstairs. Remembering what you saw earlier your heart started to beat faster as you opened the door and turned on the lights. Everything seemed to be untouched, half unpacked boxes laid around the floor and your school supplies was on your desk. Sighing out of relief you made your bed and got ready to take a shower.

You laid out your pajamas on the toilet seat and took off your robe. The water didn't take very long to warm up and soon it pelted down on your body. It felt nice after having spent the day lifting boxes and unpacking things. Closing your eyes, you leaned back into the stream of water, allowing it to massage your scalp. You moaned slightly at the feeling. It felt as if someone was really running their fingers along your head, releasing the tension. You froze as you felt a breath on your neck. Faintly a whisper found its way into your eardrum, "(Y/N)." Laughter rang through the air as you turned around quickly to see who was behind you, swinging your bath puff at the object. To your confusion there was nothing, or rather no one, behind you. You looked down at your puff as it came to a stop in your hand, "What damage would that have done anyway." You chuckled slightly finishing your shower. As you got dressed, you looked towards the mirror. There, traced in the bottom right corner of the foggy mess, was a smiley face. Slight panic filled your chest as you ran back to your room. What the hell is going on here, you thought at you climbed into bed. Worry over the event and the next day kept you up until early morning, but slowly your eyes drifted shut and sleep overcame you.

3. Arcade Time

To say your dreams had been nightmares would be the understatement of the year. Thinking about them made your skin crawl, so when your mother asked how you had slept as she drove you to school all you could muster was a shoulder shrug. She sighed and pat your arm, "It's okay hun...try and have a good day okay?" You nodded as she brought the car to a stop. Taking in a deep breath you opened the car door and headed into the dreaded building. You could feel several people watching you but you stared straight ahead. As you walked into the office, a kid a little younger than you was getting his locker number as well. You gave him a gentle smile, relaying your name to the receptionist. A few moments later and the both of you were on your way. He gave you a small smile as he passed by.

Bill and Eddie were a little way down the hall, but Eddie waved at you when he noticed you. You smiled and walked over to them, "Hey guys! Mind helping me find my locker?" They shook their heads as Bill spoke, "N-no, of course n-not. What's the number?" The smile on their faces dropped as you answered him. Your heart beat faster, "What?" Eddie looked around as if trying to see if anyone was watching, "Your locker is right next to Bowers'." You nodded slowly in understanding. Henry Bowers was the local big bad bully. Groaning inwardly, you looked around, "Well, you could point me in the right direction?" Bill gave you a sympathetic smile as he did just that, "S-see you later, (Y/N)." The two of them walked off, leaving you on your own.

Hesitantly you turned, glancing towards a locker every now and then, looking for your number. Eventually you found it, 183. Reaching for the lock you immediately felt someone watching you. Twisting the dial, you put in your code, never meeting eye contact with whomever kept staring, a cough came from behind you, "Morning, good lookin'." You gulped and slowly turned around, several boys about your age stood in a semi-circular fashion. The leader had messy brown hair cut into a mullet shape. His smirk caused you to shiver, "You mute?" Quickly regaining composure, you turned to put the unneeded stuff away, "No. I just don't talk a lot." As you shut the door closed he

walked up closer to you, placing a hand on your shoulder, "That's okay, what I want from you doesn't involve talking...I'll see you around." He tossed a mock kiss your way as he and the group walked down the hall chuckling. People moved out of their way, obviously afraid.

Swallowing the saliva that had built up in the ordeal you made your way to homeroom. A seat was available in the very back and you snatched it up quickly. The rest of the day's events were normal. You had to introduce yourself to everyone and soon you found yourself walking out of the school building with a sigh of relief. Bill waved you over to the rest of them as soon as he saw you, "(Y/N!)" You smiled and waved back. As you walked over to them Richie started singing some song about a sexy woman walking. You rolled your eyes at him, "Really...you're like, still 14 Richie. It's only been a day." He shrugged, "I can dream, can't I?" Stan sighed and leaned against the tree, "We're going to the arcade, if you want to join?" You jumped a little in excitement, "Hell yeah, just let me get some money from my room." They nodded as the group began the walk to your house.

As you arrived, your mom was pulling up the drive-way with Peter bouncing around in the passenger's seat. You chuckled as you ran up to her, "Mom, we're going to go to the arcade for a while...could I have some money?" She looked over at the boys, smiling, "Yeah okay. Just be safe and home by 11." You nodded as she pulled out a twenty, "Here, buy some dinner too. Peter and Georgie have a playdate for tonight as well, so I'm going to go out for some adult time." You laughed at the way she said that, like you had no idea what she was really going out for...sex.

Grabbing your bike, you followed close behind the others, who could now ride theirs. Their laughter and jokes brought a smile to your face. You were about to make a retort to something Stan was saying when a voice floated into your ears, "(Y/N) ..."

You looked around at your friends but it hadn't been one of them. Out of the corner of your eye you saw a flash of red. When you turned to look, you saw a creepy man dressed as a clown holding a balloon. His eyes seemed to burn into your soul, and his smile, oddly, caused you to have butterflies. The crashing of your bike into Bill's broke your stare away, "Oh shit. Sorry, Bill!" He shrugged, "I-it's okay. I-I'm not hurt

and t-the b-b-bike is fine." He tilted his head a little, "A-are you o-okay?" You nodded as Eddie spoke up, "Yeah, you looked kind of pale and were spaced out..." You flashed a smile, "I'm good guys."

They nodded and then the five of you finished the trip to the arcade. You changed in your twenty for a coke and burger, using the change to play various games. As you swapped places with Richie on Mortal Kombat, Henry bowers walked in with one of his friends...Patrick, you thought his name was. Slowly you moved to his other side and whispered to him, "Bowers..." Richie looked over and then back down at his game, "Hopefully he's just here for some old-fashioned gaming." You nodded in agreement as you remembered what he had told you earlier. The thought of him kissing you made you gag. Richie chuckled under his breath as he beat his fight and then celebrated, "That's how it's done!" You laughed at his reaction and then made your way over to another game that you hadn't tried before.

As you bent slightly to place the quarters in, a whistle came from behind you, "Nice ass!" You quickly straightened up, feeling the heat rise to your cheeks. You didn't turn around, it was obviously bowers, "Go away, please." You started to play the first level when two hands snaked around your waist, "Now, that's no way to respond to a compliment..." His fingers tightened slightly as Patrick leaned against the game stand. His smile made you gulp, "Please take your hands off me." Instead one arm wrapped itself completely around you, pulling you backwards into him, "Don't you want to have some real fun?" You sneered, "Disgusting, no way!" You stomped on his foot and tried to make a run for it but Patrick leaned out and caught you, "Naughty." He tsked and wiggled his finger at you as he tossed you backwards to Henry. One of his hands began to snake up your shirt. How in the world was no one seeing this and trying to help you?!

Before either of them could do much, an extremely tall guy stepped out of the shadows, "I don't think she's up for this game." You looked up at your rescuer, his eyes an intense blue that lit up his features. He had a perfectly chiseled jaw line and full kissable lips. His dark brown hair was swept back in a 1950's style and his clothes emphasized how tall he was. Henry growled, "Who asked you? Why don't you go back to whatever game you were playing and leave us to

ours?" The stranger shrugged, "I'm just helping a beautiful lady escape the angry monster...seems like any other game here. Easy to beat."

He emphasized every word and it crept out the two that held you. Patrick let go, "Come on, Bowers. We can play with her later." Henry hesitantly let you go, "He won't be around all the time." They glared at him as they walked away but he seemed unimpressed by their actions, "Are you okay, miss?" You felt the heat rise to your cheeks again, "Y-yes. Thanks for the help." He nodded, "Anytime...honestly I'd rather have what I'm interested in unspoiled." You gulped and looked down as he walked away. You reached out, "Don't I get a name, at least?" He looked back over his shoulder towards you, a smirk spread across his face, "Robert...Robert Gray." He winked and disappeared back into the shadows of the building. You bit your lip as the beat of your heart calmed down. Then you ran back over to your friends to finish having fun.

4. See You Around

All too soon, the evening came to an end. One by one each of your friends separated from the group to arrive at their own home. When you arrived at your home street, Bill spoke up, "So...I b-bet Peter and G-Georgie are asleep by now." You nodded as you propped the bike up on its stand, "I'm sure those two tired out your mom as well. Peter can be a handful sometimes." the two of you laughed as he opened the door, "M-mom, I'm home. I-I brought, (Y/N), too." She stuck her head out from the kitchen doorway, one hand holding a dish towel and the other a bowl. She smiled as she took in your appearance, "Hello, I hope you all had a good time. Peter is asleep on the couch." You smiled as you followed Bill to the living room. Her words couldn't have prepared you for what you saw. Bill stood there with a giant smile on his face that matched your own. Not only was Peter completely passed out with one shoe barely holding onto his foot but Georgie was laying halfway off the couch with his hand holding onto to some popcorn. Mrs. Denbrough came up behind the older siblings, "You're welcome to just let him stay the night, (Y/N). I wouldn't mind taking him to school tomorrow with Georgie."

Licking your lips as you thought about it, you nodded, "Yeah, it'd be a shame to wake him up. I'll let mom know when she gets home. I'm sure shed like the extra hour of sleeping in after her night out. Thanks, Mrs. Denbrough, it was nice to meet you. I better get home and go to sleep myself." She smiled, "No problem. I'll see you sometime tomorrow most likely." She waved politely as Bill walked you to the door, "I'll see you at school. Have a good night!" He watched from the doorway as you grabbed your bike and crossed the street. You waved at him once you reached the doorway. You reached your hand into your pockets, searching for you key. You could have sworn you had it earlier but you couldn't find it anywhere. Sighing exasperatedly you leaned the bike against the garage and walked around to the back door. It was locked as well. "Damn it all," You whispered to yourself as a you took a few steps backwards to see if you could climb up to the bedroom window. It was possible but it would be hell-a-trouble. You weren't the most athletic person in the world...actually you were far from it.

Carefully you grabbed onto the lattice that lined the back wall and hoisted yourself upwards. The woodwork already started to dig into your hands. After finding some better footing you grabbed further up and proceeded to pull yourself up a bit more. "Need a hand," a voice from behind you caused you to jump and lose your footing. Standing up off the ground from where you had landed you turned to look at who had spoken. It took you a minute to recognize him in the dark, but it was Robert from the arcade earlier, "Hey. Way to scare the crap out of someone. What are you doing back here?" He shrugged, pointing to the woods, "I live further out that way. I was on my way home when I saw you climbing. Thought maybe you needed some help?" He smirked as he looked from you to the windows upstairs, "That your room or...does it belong to someone else?"

You chuckled as you sat down on porch floor, "I totally have this crazy habit of sneaking into other people's bedrooms." His eyes seemed to glow a bit brighter as he laughed, "Wouldn't be that crazy to me." Smiling you sighed, as you pulled your knees as close to your chest as they would go, "It's mine...I lost my house key somewhere tonight. The backdoor was locked, so I figured I'd just climb up and well, you saw how that was going." He knelt down slightly in front of you, his tall frame seeming uncomfortable in such a stance, "I could help you out..." His voice seemed a bit deeper, "I'm very...athletic." You swallowed, as his eyes seemed to bore into your own, "Oh, is that so?" He smiled at your attempt to be sarcastic, his tongue licking his lower lip before nibbling on it, "Very." Suddenly the air began to feel a little tense; your heart sped up. Was he flirting? No...wait, was he? Standing up, you dusted off your jeans, "Okay, whats the plan?"

Robert smirked, "Just this." He walked up to the lattice, grabbing onto the top most part; quickly pulling himself over the wall. Once on top, he balanced himself and walked across the top of it before coming to the roof that led up to your window. He once again hauled himself up onto it without issue and carefully crept up to the window, slinking inside. You watched as his form disappeared into the shadows, he held up a stuffed bear that he had found, "Really? Aren't you a little old for this?" He chuckled at your glare, "Just come downstairs and unlock the door." He shrugged and threw the bear onto the bed before vanishing completely out of sight. It felt like forever before you heard the deadbolt clicking and the door swung

open slightly. As you walked inside you couldn't see him anywhere.

You shut the door and turned the light on, whispering out into the empty house, "Robert? Where did you go?" Slowly you walked to the hallway, looking towards the left; then the right. Standing up straight you began to get nervous...what if there had been someone else in the house and Robert had gotten caught. You turned around to creep to the phone-Bam! The pantry door flew open, slamming into the kitchen wall as Robert jumped out at you, "Boo!" You clutched your heart as you let out a high-pitched scream. He bent over laughing outrageously at your reaction. Without thinking you reached out and slapped him, "Not funny, Robert!" He wiped the tears away that had formed, "I'm sorry. I couldn't resist." Rolling your eyes you opened the fridge, "Yeah, well, you're a jerk." You grabbed a soda and made your way up the stairs. He jogged up after you, "So, I never did get your name."

Turning the light on you answered him, "Oh, I'm sorry. My name is, (Y/N)." He pulled your vanity chair out, spinning it around before sitting on it with his arms overlapping across the top of the back, "Nice name. It's one of my favorites." His eyes followed you around as you picked up the things he had gone through while alone, "For only being in here a few seconds...you really made a mess." He shrugged, "I can be fast when I want to be." You handed him the other half of the apple, "Hungry?" He took it without replying and ate at it, "So...tell me about yourself?" You sat down on the edge of your bed, kicking off your shoes, "There's not much to tell. I just moved here from, (Old town), for my moms job. My dad died when we were young. Peter doesn't even remember him." He bit the inside of his cheek, "I've lived here for forever. It's a nice town, I'm sure you'll grow to love it."

Before you could answer, you heard the front door open, "(Y/N), I'm home." Sighing you yelled back out to your mom, "I'm upstairs, be down in a minute." When you turned around Robert was already heading out the window. He turned to face you once he was outside, "Well, It was nice hanging out, (Y/N)." You nodded in agreement as he stuck his hand in toward you, it looked like it was holding something. You reached out yours to grab what it was, "My house key!? Where did you find it?" He smirked mischievously, "You

dropped it when you crashed your bike. See you around." He waved before jumping down to the ground below, slowly walking off into the woods. Your heart jumped. How did he know you had crashed your bike? You certainly would have remembered him being around at the time...oh well. You shrugged as you walked downstairs to tell your mom about Peter staying the night over at Georgie's. After a few minutes of talking with her you went upstairs to bed. If you had taken the time to look back out the window, there along the woodline, you have seen two fiery orange eyes staring up towards your room.